ENGLAND's Joyful Welcome TO THE KING,

Upon His Return to *White-Hall*, on the 16*th.* of *December*, 1688. after his withdrawing himself, and 6 Days Absence.

Or, The Loyal Subjects Delight.

To the Tune of, *Why are my Eyes flowing*, &c.

NOw, now let's Rejoyce, and let England be glad,
Since that we do hope there's no cause to be sad:
The King to his People return'd is again,
And may he live happy, and prosperously Reign:
Kind Heaven contriv'd it, no doubt, for our Peace,
That all our Contentions for ever may cease;
That Flatterers from his true Friends may be known,
And those be esteem'd that supported the Crown.

What joy did surprize us when first we had News,
The King to come back to us did not refuse;
Ay, each Loyal heart beat a March to's return,
Whose surprizing absence they often did Mourn;
Long, long may he Live, each good Protestant Sing,
Tho' all Evil Counsellors mount in a String:
The Roads as he passed all Crowded they were,
And each one did strive to Great James to get near.

To Welcome him Home to his Palace of State,
And pity the Hardship he sustain'd of late;
Upon his Retirement, and with loud Huzza's,
Still Welcom'd our Monarch where e're he did pass;
With Royal Attendance he made his Advance,
On purpose the Crowds met, and not as by chance;
Each glad was to see him returning again,
And cou'd not from loud Acclamations refrain.

But most of all London, that Renowned City,
At once shew'd her Gladness, and likewise her Pity;
For no sooner Fame brought the News to her Gates,
But joyful Expectants had filled the Streets;
And as the Coach-Royal pass'd with loud Acclaim,
Mingl'd with Sighs, they did Welcome the same:
By one they their Joy for his safety express,
By to'ther their Sorrow for his late Distress.

The Bells tho they cou'd not this good News conceal,
But Welcom'd him in with a Merry Appeal:
To Mournful White-Hall he did scarcely appear,
But Sadness flew thence that had sat brooding there:
The Gates so late clos'd, to our Monarch gave place,
While he restor'd joy to each sorrowful face;
And thither the Nobles resorted amain,
To fill up the Room of his scattered Train.

With true Loyal hearts for to Welcome him home,
So may our Divisions to Settlement come;
Our Troubles all cease, and the Nation be freed
Of those that wou'd Discord amongst us still breed;
Whilst the King and People in Love they do meet,
And right understanding does make him more Great;
That we as a Providence, ever may own,
The Discov'ry that caus'd his return to the Throne.

The Prospect of War that did dreadful appear,
We now are in hopes there's no cause for to fear;
But that without Blood-shed things may be secure,
And we with Priests Councils be troubl'd no more:
So Law and Religion may flourish amain,
And Plenty and Peace grow up under his Reign;
Our Swords into Plow-shears, to Pruning-hooks Spears
We wish may be turn'd, and still banish our Fears.

But this, to a Parliament we must submit,
And wish the great Nations Wise Council may Sit,
So to heal all our Grievances, that none Complain,
But Protestants all may assured remain
Of what by Unbyas'd Men shall be thought Just,
In Religion, Law, Property, ne'r to be Crost'd:
And now to conclude, let us heartily Sing,
Blest Heaven be thank'd for th' Return of the King.

FINIS.

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